

The History of

Counsell, on Wednesday next, our Councell wee will hold
At *Winfer*, so informe the Lords:
But come your selfe with speed to vs againe,
For more is to be sayd, and to bee done,
Then out of anger can be vttered.
West. I will, my Liege.

Exeunt.

Enter Prince of Wales, and sir Iohn Falsaffe.

Fal. Now *Hall*, what time of day is it, Lad?

Prince. Thou art so fat-witted with drinking of old Sacke,
and vnbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping vpon Benches
after noone, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly,
which thou wouldest truly know. What a deuill hast thou to
doe with the time of the day? Vnlesse houres were cups of
Sacke, and minuts Capons, and Clocks the tongues of Bawds,
and Dials the signes of Leaping houses, and the blessed Sunne
himselfe a faire hot wench in flame-coloured Taffata; I see no
reason why thou shouldest be superfluous to demand the time
of the day.

Fal. Indeed you come neere me now, *Hall*, for we that take
Purses, goe by the Moone and seuen Starres, and not by *Phœbus*,
he, that wandring Knight so faire: and I prethee, sweet wagge,
when thou art King, as God saue thy Grace; Maiesty I should
say for Grace thou wilt haue none.

Prince. What, none?

Fal. No by my troth, not so much as will serue to bee pro-
logue to an Egge and Butter.

Prince. Well, how then? come roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry then, sweet wag, when thou art King, let not vs
that are Squires of the nights body, bee called Theeues of the
dayes beauty: let vs be *Dianas* Forresters, Gentlemen of the
shade, minions of the Moone; and let men say, wee bee men of
good gouernment, being gouerned as the sea is, by our noble
and chaste Mistris the Moone; vnder whose countenance we
steale.

Prince. Thou sayst well, and it holdes well too, for the for-
tune of vs that are the Moones men, doth ebbe, and flow like
the Sea, being gouerned as the Sea is by the Moone; as for
proofe

Henry the Fourth.

proofe: Now a purse of gold most resolutely snatched
day night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morn-
ing with swearing lay by, and spent with crying Bring
as low an ebbe as the foote of the Ladder, and by
high a flow as the ridge of the Gallows.

Fal. By the Lord thou sayest true, Lad: and is
stesse of the Tauerne a most sweet wench?

Prince. As the hony of *Hibla*, my old Lad of the C-
not a Busse Ierkin a most sweet robe of durance?

Fal. How now, how now, mad wagge, what
and thy quiddities? What a plague haue I to doe
Ierkin?

Prince. Why, what a poxe haue I to doe with
of the Tauerne?

Fal. Well, thou hast cal'd her to a reckoning
and oft.

Prince. Did I euer call for thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No, Ile giue thee thy due, thou hast payd

Prince. Yea and elsewhere, so far as my coyns wo-
and where it would not, I haue vsd my credit.

Fal. Yea, and so vsed it, that were it not heere ap-
thou art Heire apparant. But I prethee sweet wag, sit
Gallows standing in *England*, when thou art King
lution thus snubd as it is with the rusty curb of ol-
tick the Law? doe not thou, when thou art King, ha-

Prince. No, thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare by the Lord Ile be a brane I-

Prince. Thou iudget false already. I meane thou sh-
hanging of the Theeues, and so become a rare Han-

Fal. Well, *Hall*, well, and in some sort it iump-
humor, as well as waiting in the Court, I can tell ye

Prince. For obtaining of futes?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of futes, whereof the Ha-
no leane Wardrop. Zblood I am as melancholy a
or a lugd-Bear.

Prince. Or an old Lion, or a Louers Lute.

Fal. Yea, or the Drone of a *Lincolneshire* Bagpi-

Prince. What sayest thou to a Hare, or the m-

